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TWILIGHT.

HENRY S. WASHBURN.

Close not for awhile the shutters ;
Speed not thus departing day ;
It will breathe its choicest blessings,
As it glides from time away.

These are hours I prize the highest,
Moments of the soul's release
From its constant round of duty,
To that blissful haven, PEACE.

As the gath'ring darness deepens,
Twilight ling'ring in the west,
Bringeth with its benedictions,
To the heavy-laden, rest.

E'er the vision shall elude us,
Softer spea the whispered word ;
All the fountains of our being
In this hallowed hour are stirred.

While the fire-lights flame and flice r,
Memory, busy, now recalls
Gentle forms that round us lingered,
Lie theshadows on the walls .

As upon the dusty highway,
Now and then, some cool retreat
For a moment lures us thither,
There to rest our weary feet ;—

So the twilight, 'mid the bustle
Of our busy life imparts
Strength for new and brave endeavor,
To our wea and fainting hearts.

Wait not, then, but close the shutters ;
Duty becons to us still ;
But the hour hath brought us courage
For our task, through good and ill.

SECOND LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

THE ELI AND SYBIL JONES MISSION, }
RAMALLAH, JERUSALEM, PALESTINE. }

The outside of the tents were white, but the linings inside were decorated with designs in rich, bright colors ; bright-colored mats were spread over the soft grass ; a little iron bedstead, with comfortable mattress, and dressed in white, stood on either side of the tent ; a table, with a crimson cover, stood opposite the door ; on the table two bright tin bowls and pitchers, a brass candle-stick, holding a nice candle and a box of matches. In the middle of the tent, at the foot of the centre-pole, stood our carpet-bags, and camp-chairs at the door completed the outfit of our transient little home. As my wife and I sat in our "tent door" our Boston friend called out : "Halloo, Abraham and Sarah," to which names we answered the rest of the journey. A good, warm supper was served in the dining-tent as nicely as in any of the Eastern hotels, and after a social chat and short walks with our friends, the curtain door of our tent was dropped, and, notwithstanding our novel surroundings and strange sounds in this our first night in tenting, we were soon lost in quiet, refreshing sleep.

In the early morning we were awakened by a gentle tap on our tent door, and heard our dragoman call out : "Five and a half o'clock." We were soon all astir, and while at breakfast in our dining-tent all the rest of our little homes

vanished like the morning dew, and were soon on the animals' backs and seen no more by us until we saw them all pitched again after another eventful day's march. We lunched that day at noon tide on a grassy mound near Jacob's Well, sat on the great stone covering its mouth, and there read the 4th of John. In the afternoon we passed up the valley between the mountains of Ebal on the right and Gerizim on the left. The wind was blowing quite strongly at the time, so we did not climb the mountain to read the *blessings*, but hastened on to Nablous, the ancient Shechem of the Bible, where we camped for the night. The next morning we stood in the ancient gateway of the city of Samaria, overlooking the great plain of Esdraelon, where the armies of the Syrians were gathered when Benhadad besieged Samaria and the city was so miraculously delivered from famine. (II. Kings, 6th and 7th chapters.) At Dothem we lunched in a lovely lemon grove by the side of the traditional pit into which Joseph was cast. It was, at the time we were there, filled with water, but at certain seasons of the year, we were told, it was dry. Passing on by Jezreel we soon came to the site of the city of Shunem nestled at the foot of little Hermon, with the broad plain stretching all around it. There we remembered how the Shunamite woman made a little chamber on the wall for the prophet. We could imagine just around us the wheat fields where her little son went out among the reapers and fell sick from the rays of the burning sun and died. We could trace the entire journey of the mother across the plain as she rode in haste to Mt. Carmel to bring the man of God to her home. Skirting the edge of little Hermon, we came to Nain, in another part of the great plain, where Jesus touched the bier and restored the widow's son to life. Right in front of this rose the beautiful rounded top of Tabor, one of the most beautiful mountains to look at one sees in all the Holy Land. Leaving the great plain of Esdraelon, we must hurry on, climbing the rugged hill on our way to Nazareth, where we were to spend the Sabbath. Nazareth is beautifully situated on a plateau high among the hills of Galilee. We visited the orphan girls' school at Nazareth, and were deeply interested in the good work being done. Fruits of their labors were visible wherever their girls were to be found, either as teachers, wives or servants. In this brief letter I find myself touching only some of the interesting features, but I must hurry over some in order to give you some little account of our Friends' Mission at Ramallah.

After leaving Nazareth the cloth for our noonday meal was spread on the green grass on the summit of the Horns of Hattin, where it is supposed our Saviour fed the five thousand—a beautiful grassy mound, overlooking the Sea of Galilee. We tented two nights on the shores of the lovely Sea of Galilee, and sailed on its quiet waters in a little "ship" propelled by both oars and sail, similar, no doubt, to those in use in our Saviour's time. As we crossed the lake from Tiberias to Capernaum—this day glassy smooth—we remembered the scene when our Saviour was asleep on the pillow and the sudden tempest swept down from the mountains over the lake. This was one of the places of deepest interest that we visited, so many events during the time our Saviour was on earth centred here. As we lingered on the shore, the mountains, hills, lake—all that our eyes rested on—seemed hallowed scenes, reminding us of His life, His teaching, and the miracles He wrought. We saw the fishermen mending their nets in just the same way, no doubt, John and James, the sons of Zebedee, mended theirs. I find I